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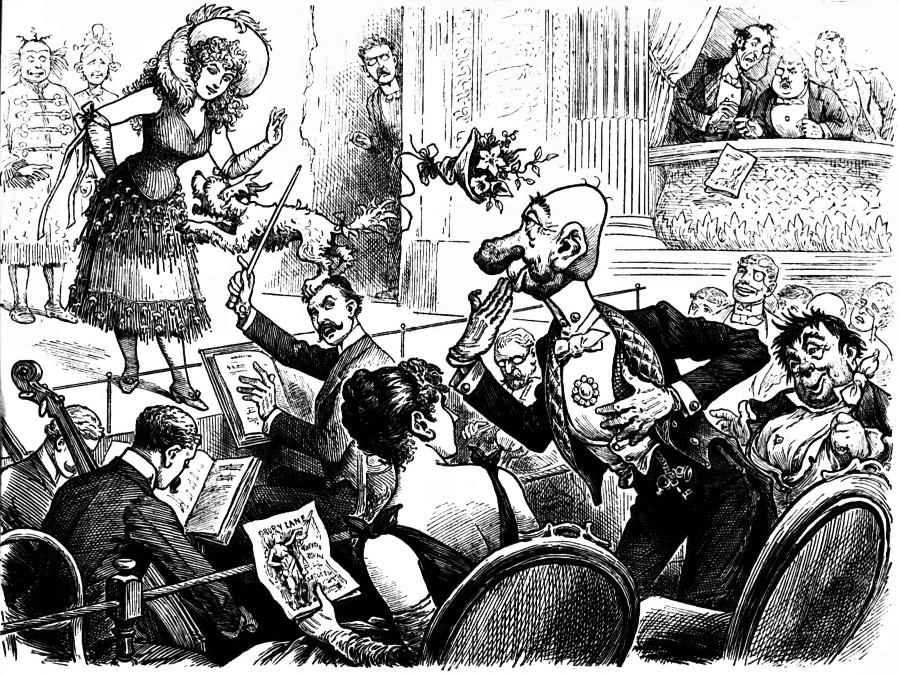
Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

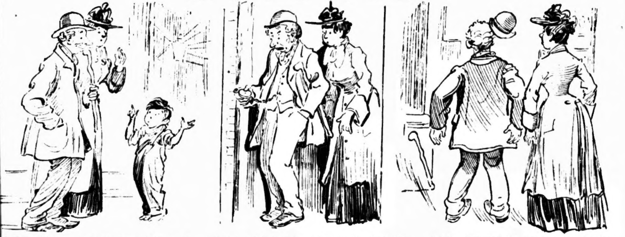
Vol. IX.—No. 406.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892. [ONE PENNY.



AT THE PANTOMIME.

"For originality of idea commend me to Papa, and, without doubt, before long he will either rule the world, or be hanged as a sort of warning to other originalists. Since Boxing Day, Poor Pa has been a nightly visitor to Drury Lane Pantomime, and, having become enamoured of Marie Lloyd, he has been raking his mind ever since for a striking method of conveying to her a token of his regard. Needless to say, very little raking sufficed to supply him with an idea, which, taking the shape of Snatcher with a hideous bouquet tied to his tail, created an immense sensation during the other evening's performance."—TOOTSIE.

NOT QUITE "UP" TO LONDON.



1. John Buttercup and his Nance, being up to [illegible], resolve to go to the pantomime. "Pit door, ir? Foller me," said a wicked urchin.

2. And posted them by a disused exit, where they waited as good as gold for two hours, when, their suspicions being aroused,—

3. They discovered the plot, but, alas! too late. They returned to Little Tinkletum, very much impressed with the wickedness of London.

THE TOOTH.

IN the year 1830, there lived at Eagle's Cliff, near Yarm, Yorkshire, a weaver, named William Huntley, who, on July 22nd, came into a sum, under his father's will, of £85 16*s.* 4*d.* Between that date and the 30th, he was frequently seen in the company of an intimate friend of his, Robert Goldsborough, who lived a few miles off at Hutton Rudby, and also in that of a lawyer, called Garbutt, and he was last seen walking and talking with them in a cheerful and friendly fashion towards Crathorne Wood, Goldsborough, at the time carrying a gun in his hand. From this time Huntley was never again seen alive.

He had been heard to say that he was going to America, and also that he was anxious certain of his creditors should not learn that he had come into any money. When questioned, Goldsborough said his friend had gone to America, but gave contradictory accounts of the road he had taken when they parted. He was found to be in possession of a watch and some clothes, said to be Huntley's, and a considerable sum of money, part of which he offered to lend to neighbours. He was also found burning woollen clothing, which he said were only old things he had pulled out from under the stairs.

A general suspicion prevailed that he had murdered Huntley, and search was made for the body, though without success; but Goldsborough, wearied by the show of ill-feeling on all sides, removed to Barnsley, where, for a time, he refused to give his name. From there, after some time, he departed to return with a wife who he said had brought him a fortune of eighty pounds. He then passed under the name of Robert Towers.

Eleven years later, on June 21st, 1841, a skeleton was dug out of the bank of a brook at a place about five miles distant from the spot where Huntley, Goldsborough and Garbutt were last seen together. A Mr. Nellest, who rented the ground, looked at the skull and noticed particularly *a long projecting tooth on the left side of the lower jaw.*

With the exception of two or three, all the teeth were in their sockets, and remained in them till the bones began to dry, when some fell out, "amongst others, the remarkable and all-important tooth in question." The skull, jawbone and loose teeth were put into a pail and given to a constable, but not before several people had seen the tooth and professed to recognize it as Huntley's. When last seen Huntley was described as of middle stature, with a broad squat face; his head was large behind, his forehead retreating, and he had a very prominent tooth on the left side of the under jaw which caught everybody's eye on first looking at him and which gave him a twist of the mouth.

A reward of a hundred pounds was offered to anyone who would give evidence that would lead to the conviction of Huntley's murderer, and one, Thomas Groundy, having been heard talking suspiciously about the matter, was taken into custody, and deposed that five days after Huntley's disappearance Goldsborough told him he was going to America, and asked him to help to carry a sack to Stokesley. The sack was in the wood, and contained a dead body, which Goldsborough said was Huntley's, and that he had shot him. Terrified, Groundy, made his escape, and said nothing to anyone of the matter. This statement made, Groundy was placed in a room in York Castle, only to await the arrival of his sureties, who were to be bound with him for his appearance to give evidence at the trial; but he had not been left alone above an hour when he was found hanging by his braces and neckerchief to an iron bar of the window quite dead.

When the trial came on, several witnesses, among them a surgeon, swore to having seen the tooth, but the back part of the skull being missing, even Huntley's hatter could not swear to it. The prisoner's counsel declared the whole evidence to be a tissue of exaggerations, misrepresentations and perjuries, the legitimate produce of the blood money that had been had recourse to. The judge was adverse to a conviction, and, in the end, Goldsborough was acquitted. As he left the bar, he whispered, with tremulous eagerness, "Can they try me again?" "No," said the officer, "thou'rt clear off now altogether," on which he heaved a deep sigh.

* * * * * *

When Billiam ceased reading, he found that Alexandry slumbered; so, thrusting the poker between the bars——

(Next week, "A Pretty Gentleman.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

⁂ Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose *a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted.* Do not inclose loose stamps.

Thanks for cutting, ALBERT RICHARDS, *Lots of people think the same; Very sorry,* ETHEL BETHWICK, *But we do not know its name. To such silly nonsense,* S. F., *You should pay but little heed; We are much obliged,* FRANK HOLLAND, *But we can't accept your screed. We should be delighted,* CONSTANCE, *But we seldom get the chance; Thank you,* DOUGLAS, *for the relic, Same for cheery letter,* NANCE. *We would not advise it,* TRAPPER, *It's a most expensive plan; We will try and find it,* TAFFY, *Though we're doubtful if we can. Surely,* TOM, *you've got a history, It occurred in 'Fifty-One; We are doubtful,* THOMAS CHARTER, *If it really could be done. Very glad you won it,* TOSSIE, *Pleased the ruffian met his match; Certainly his strange behaviour savours much of Colney Hatch. Thanks for complimentary letter—Glad we've pleased you,* ARTHUR WYNN; *Much obliged for verses,* TOBY, *But we cannot put them in.*

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

THE manager of the Frivolity is a generous creature. "Ah," said Bob the other day, "look, there's a waggon load of gauze veils brought in expressly so that no female member of the company shall have her complexion spoilt by the severity of the east wind." "Gar'long, you bally whisky shifter, those are simply the complete dresses for the new ballet, *Princess Tootsie and the Nickel Prince.*"

⁂

WHENE'ER you wear your patent boots
It makes you mad to find
The cheeky shoeblacks want to know
If you will have 'em shined.

⁂

IT is a curious fact that eyeglasses (single eyeglasses—windows, you know) were first invented not for the purpose of strengthening the sight, but to prevent the too forward youth winking the other eye at female loveliness, at the same time not depriving them of sight.

⁂

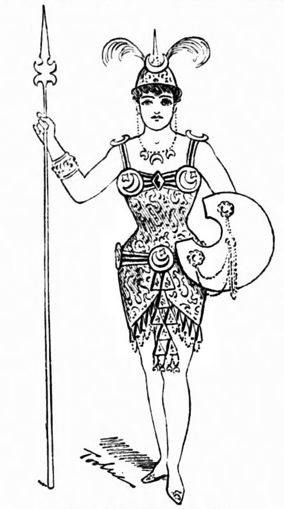
IT is the age of speciality. There is actually a young woman who gets her living in London by carrying about a powder puff and a sponge to wipe off the burnt cork from the mouths of guileless domestics, who have been kissed by the street niggers when they have been coming home with the supper beer. [*This is true.*

⁂

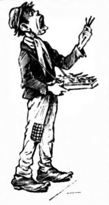
THE British Public likes a joke
That's ancient, says the sage;
They seem to think a jest, like wine,
Improves a lot with age.

⁂

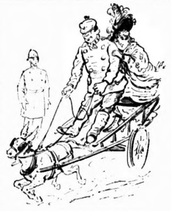
THE fancy dress ball season is now on. Snook's feelings were hurt the other day when they told him he had better go in an orange paper suit, stamped with type. "What for?" he asked. "Why, as a County Court writ. You ought to know what that is by this time."



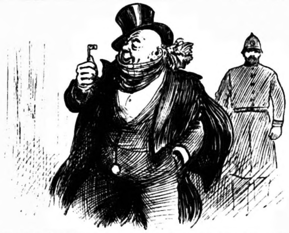
FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 406.—The "New Khedive's Guards" Costume.



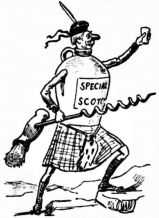
"Here yer are. Toothpicks, three a penny. Stick one in yer gills, and you'll look as if yer've got three courses across yer chest."



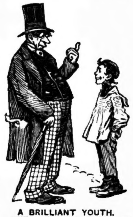
'ARRY ON THE WARPATH.
'Arry and his dona "Knock 'em in the Old Kent Road" in a quite original style, to the astonishment of Constable Bubbs.



Old Snooks. Wondersh whethersh this is the keysh of the door—(*hic*) or my watch? Thinksh I'll asksh a—(*hic*)—p'l'ccm'n.



GOOD OLD SCOTCH!
"Oh, the wild charge they made!"—30s. for one gallon.



A BRILLIANT YOUTH.
"Where does this road go, my lad?" "Don't go nowheres; stays just where it is."

OLD William, the man of all work, is very much married, and it is an open secret that every quarter his wife comes up to the house and receives his wages. A few weeks ago, his master was endeavouring to persuade him to accept a money payment instead of the daily allowance of beer which he received. "Why do you refuse?" inquired his employer. "I offer you half a crown a week, and that is worth more than your pint and a half of ale a day." "Yes, sir, that may be," replied William; "but s'posing I did as you wish, sir, the old woman would get the money, while now I do get the yale." Further argument was hopeless.

⁂

I DREW the heiress to my side
And placed my arm about her,
And passionately swore that I
Could not exist without her.

She said, "I've heard that you are poor
As any wretched rat;
But there, I didn't think that you
Were *quite* so broke as that."

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THERE is nothing that SLOPER likes so much as boiled beef. He brought home a hunk of it from the market, enough to have suffocated a company of London militia. He also had made a call at the "Blue Pig," and he looked after it as it was a-boiling. Still, he need not have been so much mixed as to drive that blessed carving fork into Mrs. S.'s shoulder to see if it was done, and then to force her on top of the fire as it wanted another turn.

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THE worst of a man, when he is bent on a beano, is that he always wants to do something to prove that he is sober, and to flatter his Dutch clock at the same time. So it is that Jones gives himself away. He certainly had brought home a new pair of black silks for the missus; but then he stopped on the way, and now he tries to show that he is all right by trying to fit one of them on to the leg of the washing stand, and so cause a crockery smash, and things are not as happy in that home as in the annual show at the Crystal

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THERE was a young lady named Ruth
With so much regard for the truth,
That she ne'er went to bed,
To avoid, so she said,
The habit of *lying* in youth.

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Client. I want to go bankrupt.

Lawyer. Yes. How much money have you got?

Client. I haven't any at all. That's why I want to go bankrupt.

Lawyer. No money! Then you cannot go bankrupt, my dear sir. You will require at least £20 to prove that you haven't got anything at all. [*This is one of those stern facts which "no man can understand."*

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THE other afternoon the O'Flaherty was discoursing most eloquently on the cruelty attending the bleeding to death of calves. "Sure and it's a national disgrace, so it is," he exclaimed. "The Sassierty for Prevention of Croolty to Animals ought to take it up, begorra! In fact, if Oi had my way, Oi wouldn't have any animals killed whoile they're aloive at all at all."

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The Beauty. And don't you make any notes at all, Mr. Surplice, for your sermons?

Rev. Mr. Surplice. Oh, no; I carry it all in my head.

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Steward. Nothing much, sir, only the propeller took charge.

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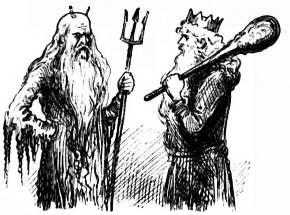
TOOTSIE AT SARA'S.

THERE are, I have been informed on fairly good authority, actually people about who have never been to the Britannia, and, for that matter, are even ignorant of Hoxton's whereabouts.

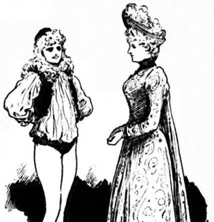


Old Bogie of the Sea: EDWARD LEIGH. *Skiemevil:* H. G. SHARPLIN.

Think of that! But allow me to inform these unfortunate persons that they have missed a great deal. Mrs. Sara Lane's theatre, when it is full, and it always is full a few minutes after the doors are open, is one of the sights of London.

Mrs. Lane does not follow the example set by most other managers in choosing a well worn old fairy tale for the subject of her pantomime. She turns on a new and original story, and this year it is written by J. Addison and called *The Old Bogie of the Sea; or, the Enchanted Well.* I am not quite sure that I exactly follow the plot, unless the plot is less plotty than I suppose, or the numerous variety items may have fogged me a little; however, all is well that ends well and enchantingly. The variety items, too, are all of them extremely good, so I can't grumble.

This much I know. The Marine Bogie Man has fallen in love with a Miss Petula, whose poor pa occupies the throne at a place called Norocko, which I have not up to now been able to find in Ma's *Gazeteer.* Petula is also beloved by the rightful heir to the throne, one Wandra, who wandras through the piece until such time as the good fairy completely vanquishes Old Bogie, and joy prevails.

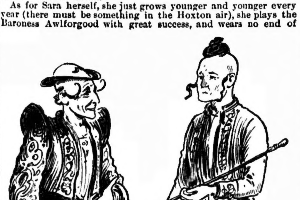


Wandra: ADA REEVE. *The Baroness Awlforgood:* MRS. S. LANE.

The scenery, of which there is a very plentiful supply, is remarkably good, and as much may be said of many of the costumes. There is one scene elaborately built up, occupying the whole stage, representing the deck of a ship, which is a very striking piece of work and very effective; and there is a kind of topsy-turvey arrangement, recalling that chapter in Albert Smith's Scattergood family, wherein Mr. Joe Jollet and Mr. Snarry call on the eccentric old gentleman on Windmill Hill, at Gravesend, who has his parlour floor whitewashed, his wall-paper upside down and a Brussells carpet nailed across the ceiling. At the Britannia, the trees grow with their roots in the air, and other things are equally odd.

Mrs. Lane's principal boy, Ada Reeve, is wonderfully bright and clever, and I expect will not be very long before she comes Westwards. The two low coms., too, Willie Crackles and William Gardiner, could hardly be beaten, and cause screams of laughter. Little Nellie Borrow dances a hornpipe in first-rate style. H. G. Sharplin sings well, and so do E. Leigh, Gregory and Gibbs. Blythe and Taylor as frog and cat are quite up to the mark. The Levites in their Tandem scene are awfully funny. McNatty gets a lot out of his character of the flunkey, and so does Beaumont in the comic strike scene, for it seems that you may laugh at strikers at Hoxton, but not in the Strand. Miss Wilmar (why not put your Christian name, my dear?) is very nice indeed, and Amy Lyster num-num. Nellie Lupino throws a lot of spirit into the part of waiting-maid, and comes out well. Kate Floretta dances charmingly, and Katie Lee is a lovable Lolah.

As for Sara herself, she just grows younger and younger every year (there must be something in the Hoxton air), she plays the Baroness Awlforgood with great success, and wears no end of smart "frocks and things," one of which is a naval uniform, that is very becoming.



Badroudan: WILLIE CRACKLES. *Cassema:* WILLIAM GARDINER.

Go to the Britannia, boys and girls, and say your Tootsie said you were to.

PROOF OF PLAGIARY.

WHEN Binks the Bard apostrophized
The charmer of his choice,
'Mid other things he eulogized
Her rich melodious voice.

"That voice," he wrote, with fervour strong,
"Upon my memory brings
The sweet, delicious, dainty song
The lark divinely sings."

But when, before a month had fled,
A lark uprising from its bed
The rhymist chanced to see;
And when he heard, high overhead,
Its carol as aloft it sped,
"*What bird is that?*" said he.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M.

(*Being further annotated, enlarged, and generally knocked about.*)

CHAPTER XXXII.

GEORGE II. 1727 TO 1760.

GEORGE II. was like his father George I., very German in his manners. He was a wise prince in his way. German *sau sage* prince.

Sir Robert Walpole was his Prime Minister. It was a favourite saying of this great man, that everyone had his price, and that he could buy up the vote of any man in the House of Commons that he wanted to.

This hurt the feelings of the famous Anthony Sloper. He said, "Sir Robert, *I* am a patriot, *I* have no price."

Walpole sweetly replied, "That's right enough: I never yet knew you have the price of anything about you, if anybody else near by was ready to stand."

This so hurt the feelings of Anthony Sloper, that he went straight off the reel and joined the standard of the young Pretender in Scotland. First of all, he lived a week on nothing but oatmeal porridge. Then the gave up cold Irish for hot Scotch. Then he bought a second-hand clothes' prop, and rubbed himself against it steadily for two hours a day regularly. Then he danced a couple of reels, and yelled out, "Now I'm Scotch to the backbone." At the famous battle of Preston Pans he did wonders. Unfortunately he was killed at the battle of Culloden. He left a good deal behind him—in the way of leaving shop tickets.

In 1743, George II. won the battle of Dettingen. His horse having run away with him to the front of the enemies' lines, he drew his sword, and cried, "Now I can't run away!" and told the French to come on. They didn't come on so much as they might have done; they came off second best. This was good biz. for George. At the battle of Fontenoy the English got licked by the French.

In French histories they always print Dettingen in very small letters. In English histories they always print Fontenoy in small letters. There's a good deal of split human nature and whisky in this sort of thing.

At the end of George II.'s reign the great "seven years' war" took place. The English joined with Frederick the Great against the Austrians and French.

Frederick the Great was the founder of Prussia, and was always called the Protestant Hero. There's a pub. or two in London called "Frederick the Great." There are also a good many pubs. called "The Marquis of Granby," after our general. Go to some of them and have twopenn'orth, and drink to the health of the defeated heroes—particularly if anyone will stand the booze.

During this reign the English, under Lord Clive, established their empire in India. This is of great importance. If it had never happened we should never have had the Nabob pickle.

We have many things to be thankful for.

The English had a particularly lively time with the French. The question was to be decided as to whether America should belong to them or to us.

General Wolfe whipped the French at Quebec, but was killed, as was Montcalm, the French commander. So America became English.

At the present time America is the property of their principal stock jobbers, several prominent saloon bar owners, and the Irish voters. George II. died 1760.

RECIPE FOR A NOVELETTE.

TAKE a very lovely girl, say of one-and-twenty,
Graceful figure, lovely eyes, golden hair in plenty;
Introduce your hero then, handsome dark and tall.
Let them stew together, and of course in love they'll fall.
Keep them thus in honey till they're formally betrothed;
Add your villain next, and mind with mystery he's clothed.
He should be a foreigner, black of hair and eye,
Forger, scoundrel, libertine of the deepest dye.
Through his machinations base, girl and hero part;
Then let villain try to win loving maiden's heart.
She should scorn his proffered love, deeming him a brute,
Though her parents both approve of the ruffian's suit.
Let her simmer thus in woe, pining for her lover,
Till she sees a notice that he's espoused another;
Then her agony and pique make her try to hide,
And at last consent to be wicked villain's bride.
Day before the wedding, let smart detective nail
Villain for a murder, and march him off to gaol.
When you have convicted him, then you'd better let
Maiden meet her former love, who is single yet;
Then let her discover that cousin named the same
Was the man whose marriage caused her such jealous pain.
Pause a little while the swain all his love retells;
Wait about a month, and then, add your wedding bells,
Season with a country church, bishop for the marriage,
Orange blossoms, bridesmaids, rice, the departing carriage.
Let the bridegroom bend and kiss the lovely wife he's won,
Saying, "Mine at last," and then your novelette is done.

ONE TOUCH OF—UTAH!

THE wintry sun was casting a half hearted sort of sheen over the notice board, "Shaving as in America," that dangled from the portico of a barber's shop in the Euston Road, as a sad and harassed man dropped into that saloon to be shaved. Nothing unusual so far, certainly; but the barber noticed as he passed the steel over the customer's chin that the latter began to shed bitter, scalding tears. Noticing this, the tonsorialist restropped the instrument of torture, but still the tears flowed unceasingly.

"'Scuse me," said the artist, "but we're using the very best Sheffield razors in this shop—your skin must be awfully tender. Does it hurt now?"

"Hurt?" responded the customer, "you don't s'pose I'm blubberin' over the razor hurtin', do yer?"

"Well, what ails ye, then?"

"Are you an American?"

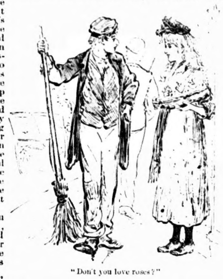
The barber winced. Evidently he didn't like the question; but he mumbled, "Yes, I am."

"Ah, well, so'm I—from Salt Lake. I did a bolt from there three years back—an' they've found me—found me. I've got a second mother-in-law comin' across to England before the end o' Feb'ry—here, here's the money for the shave."

"I sha'n't charge you a penny," said the barber, sadly. "I never bleed a man's pocket when his heart's bowed down. Come in occasionally and mingle your tears with mine. I hopped out of Salt Lake myself, and *left four*, by thunder! These mothers-in-law are the big drawback to polygamy—good day, sonnie, good day!"

"JUST LIKE A GENTLEMAN."

DICK was only the crossing-sweeper at the end of Baring Street with not a single friend in the world but Lily, the flower-seller just round the corner. But Dick was Lily's great and true friend, and would often leave his crossing and run to see how Lily was getting on. She only sold cheap flowers, she never had enough money to buy anything better. But her great ambition was to have some grand flowers like those that she had seen in the hands of great ladies.



"Don't you love roses?"

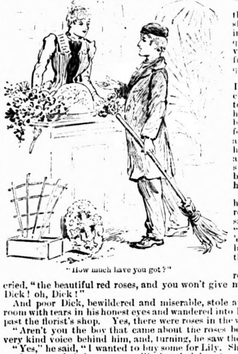
"Don't you love roses, Dick?" she said one day to her friend. And the boy nodded his head.

"Yes, I do," he answered, "if you means the red things as smells so sweet!" "I wish I could buy yer some," said Dick, wistfully. But Lily laughed, and told him that that was nonsense. "Some day," said Dick, again, "I will, I'll buy you some of the bonniest red roses—just as the swells do when they wants a bookay—I will, Lily!" And then Dick ran back to his crossing. "I'll save up from to-day," he thought to himself, "and then I'll buy the flowers, just like a gentleman, and give 'em all to her."

The little crossing-sweeper felt much elated when the end of the day came, and he was actually threepence to the good after deducting his bed and supper. Money. Indeed, he even ventured to enter a grand florist's shop in Regent Street, and to inquire the price of a great spray of red roses that he saw in the window.

"Half a crown, my boy," answered the girl behind the counter, with a smile, but the words seemed very terrible to poor Dick.

One morning, Lily was unable to get up from her wretched bed; the tired head fell back on the heap of rags that served her for a pillow. Dick missed her all that day. He came at night to see her, and brought a drop of warm tea in a cup from a kindly neighbour downstairs.



"How much have you got?"

"Where are the red roses?" she asked him, in an eager, quick voice, very different from her usual quiet tones.

And poor Dick, advancing nearer, took her hot hand—how burning with fever it was!—and begged her to lie down, and he would soon come back and see her again.

"But I haven't got the roses, Lily," he said, tenderly; "I said I'd get 'em, and I will; but I ain't got the money."

"I want the roses," Lily cried, "the beautiful red roses, and you won't give me them. Oh, Dick! oh, Dick!"

And poor Dick, bewildered and miserable, stole away from the room with tears in his honest eyes and wandered into Regent Street, past the florist's shop. Yes, there were roses in the window.

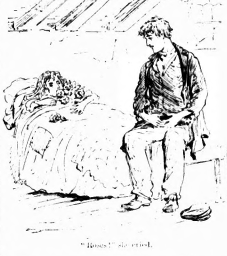
"Aren't you the boy that came about the roses before?" said a very kind voice behind him, and, turning, he saw the young lady.

"Yes," he said, "I wanted to buy some for Lily. She's my friend, yer know, and she's very, very ill; but I ain't got money enough," he added, with a sigh.

"How much have you got?" she inquired, and Dick produced two shillings. "Of course you can have some of the best roses," she said, with a smile, and beckoned the boy into the shop.

Ten minutes later Dick stood in the garret room, carefully unwrapping his flowers. Lily was quiet now, he thought she must be asleep. He bent over her and touched her softly.

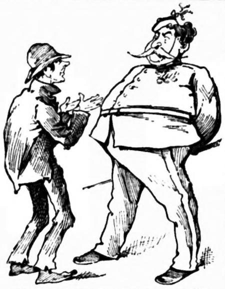
The big eyes opened, and then she saw the beautiful blossoms.



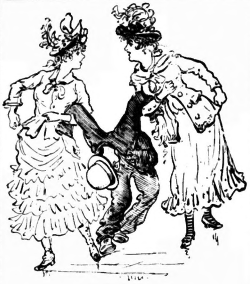
"Roses!" she cried.

"Roses!" she cried, with a happy smile crossing her little weary face, "roses! Ah, dear Dick! you kept your word. How beautiful they are! and how sweet they smell! Let me kiss you, Dick." And her white lips touched the boy's grimy face in one last embrace. "Thank you, Dick, and good night!" she murmured, presently. "I'm so tired; but I think God will take care of me. Dear Dick, good night! you have got them just like a gentleman."

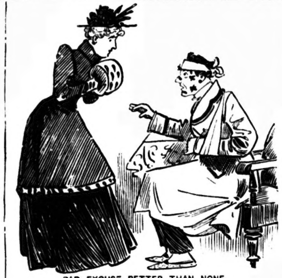
The last words came very slowly and softly, and then the brown eyes closed, but the sweet smile still lingered on the happy face. Lily was gone—gone with the scent of the roses into the Home for Little Children.



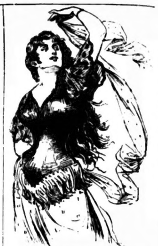
"I say, guv'nor, if you are a specimen of the feeding I'd git, give us the bob and I'll join."



RIVAL QUEENS.
"Gar'n, he's my bloke." "He's *my* husband—see?"



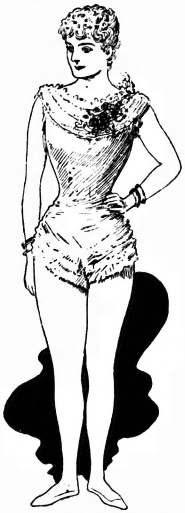
BAD EXCUSE RETTER THAN NONE.
She (to Fred, who is suffering from result of overdose of stimulation). Oh, lor'! whatever is the matter with your face? *He.* Went to fancy dress ball last night as a gasometer, and my costume exploded.



'I am just about tired of 'threading the mazy waltz,' and all that sort of dancing, dear, so am now thinking of migrating on to the stage. The colonel, my husband, objects; but men are such selfish creatures, never thinking we women folk require a change."—*Extract from Letter of Young Lady;*

⁂ *Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.*

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



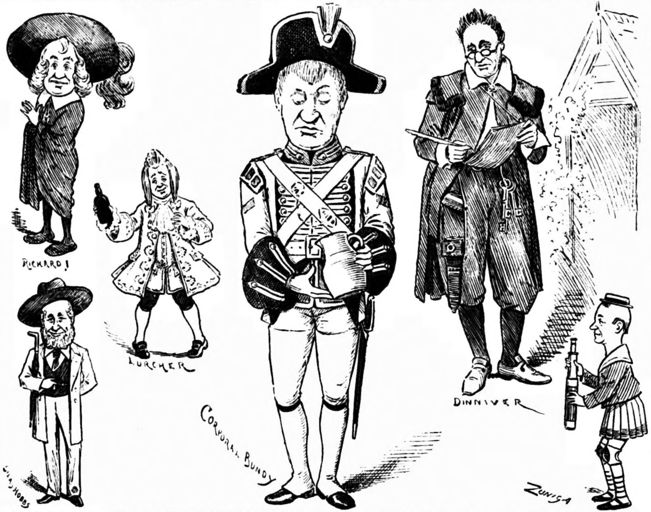
No. 220.—Mlle. Maggie Fridericks.

"No fairer maid than she in all the world." —*The Dook Snook.*

"A word of hope is all I humbly crave." —*Lord Bob.*

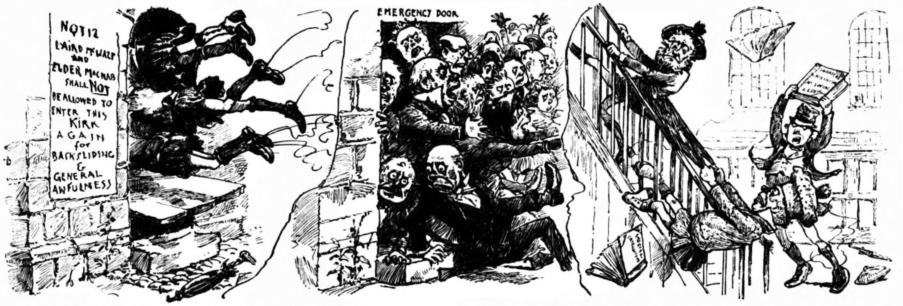
"Alas! she will not listen to my suit." —*The Hon. Billy.*

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

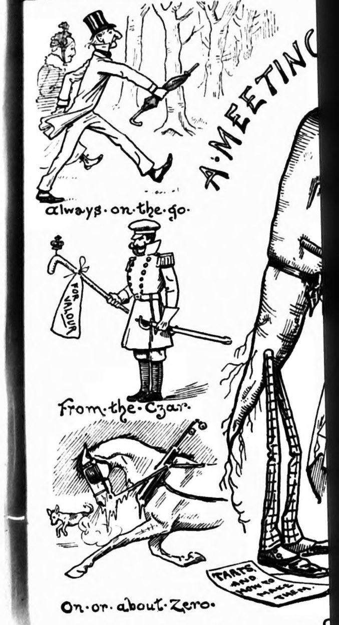


When A. SLOPER called on Mr. Arthur Williams he felt that, when in the company of such an admirable comedian, he should be funny himself, and, while comfortably seated with a fat cigar in his mouth and something at his elbow in Mr. Williams' study at Canonbury, the F.O.M. was racking his brains to make a pun about that pleasant suburb and burying the hatchet, but as he and his host had always been excellent friends he could not see how to do it. While his eyes wandered round the room for inspiration they rested on the many portraits on the walls of Mr. Williams in the parts he had played from time to time. "Ah, Arthur, there you are, I see, as Richard in *Robin Hood*—one of your best creations. Now, if my friends, who are *Richard* rally round me, I'd build a theatre, engage you and reproduce that piece." "The portrait next to it," said Mr. Williams, with a sigh—for nothing depresses that gentleman more than a pun—"is that of myself as Silas Hobbs in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*." "Yes; but, Arthur, don't *sigh less sobs* should follow; sobbing and sighing, you know, oft go together. Ah! here you are as Lurcher in *Dorothy*." "He'll pun on that," gasped Mr. Williams, with a look of pain, which was observed by the Eminent. "Look here, Arthur," said he, "if you think my wit will *Lurcher*, say so, and I'll dry up." But Mr. Williams was too gracious a host for that. "Oh, not at all—fill your glass," and he tried hard to smile. "That's right, for I feel awfully funny this afternoon. Who have we here? Corporal Bundy in the *Red Hussar*. In that cast you took the *bun, d' see?*" Mr. Williams groaned, and could only point to the next portrait—himself as Dinniver in *Doris*. "Dinniver!—hum—*d'ye nivver* wonder, now, what has become of the door? Thanks, just up to pretty, and I *will* take 'nother shmoke. Wash that?—Zuniga 'n *Carmen up t' Date?*" "Pronounced Zuneega," said Mr. Williams, correcting him. "Oh, thatsh near 'nough f' me. K'ere, *lez you 'n I ga* out an' get a drink." Then the Crumbling Edifice, with a weary sigh, sank helpless to the earth, never to rise—till sober."

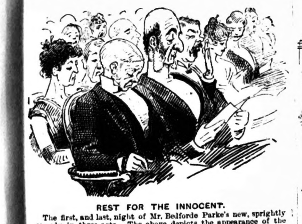
THE KIRK TAKEN BY STORM.—(Continued from last week.)


NOTIZ
LAIRD McWALP AND ELDER MACNAB SHALL NOT BE ALLOWED TO ENTER THIS KIRK AGAIN for BACKSLIDING & GENERAL AWFULNESS
EMERGENCY DOOR

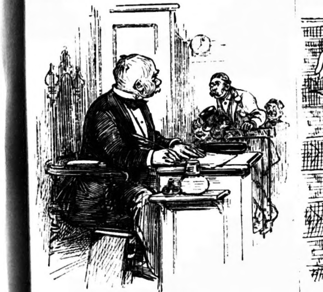
(1.) While the Elder, Laird and Parritch made a forcible entrance into the Kirk——(2.) The congregation used the emergency door——(3.) And the Laird roared, "Cum doon frae the poopit, ye sacrilegious villun, a divil like ye there would bring doon a judgment!"


A·MEETING
always·on·the·go.
FOR VALOUR
From·the·Czar.
On·or·about·Zero.
TARTS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

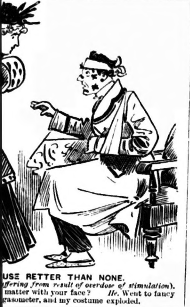
Notwithstanding the re-opening of Parliament next week, epidemic, etc., etc., your humble showman again makes his usu for a continuance of that patronage vouchsafed to him in the pa no pains will be spared on his part to make this show still wor proceed:—*The Grand Old Man enjoys, they say, Some splendid w*



REST FOR THE INNOCENT.
The first, and last, night of Mr. Belforde Parke's new, sprightly comedy in three acts. The above depicts the appearance of the stalls in the middle of the second act. Before the third act had well begun the theatre was three parts empty. And yet how many there are of us who envy the lot of a dramatic author!



A DIFFERENCE.
Magistrate (deaf). What do you say—you're an organ grinder?
Witness. No, sir, an organ builder.



USE BETTER THAN NONE.
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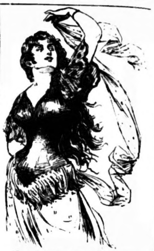

"I am just about tired of 'threading the mazy waltz,' and all that sort of dancing, dear, so am now thinking of migrating on to the stage. The colonel, my husband, objects; but men are such selfish creatures, never thinking we women folk require a change."—*Extract from Letter of Young Lady*:

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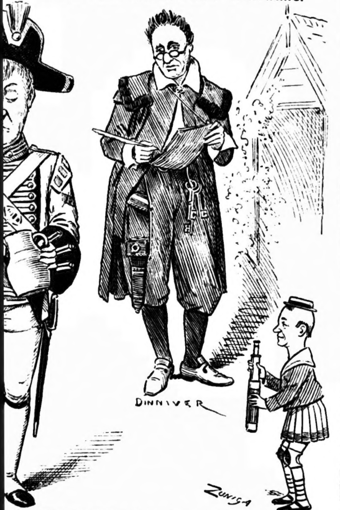

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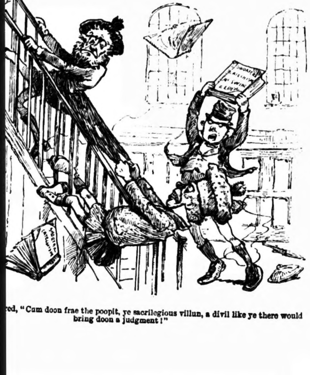

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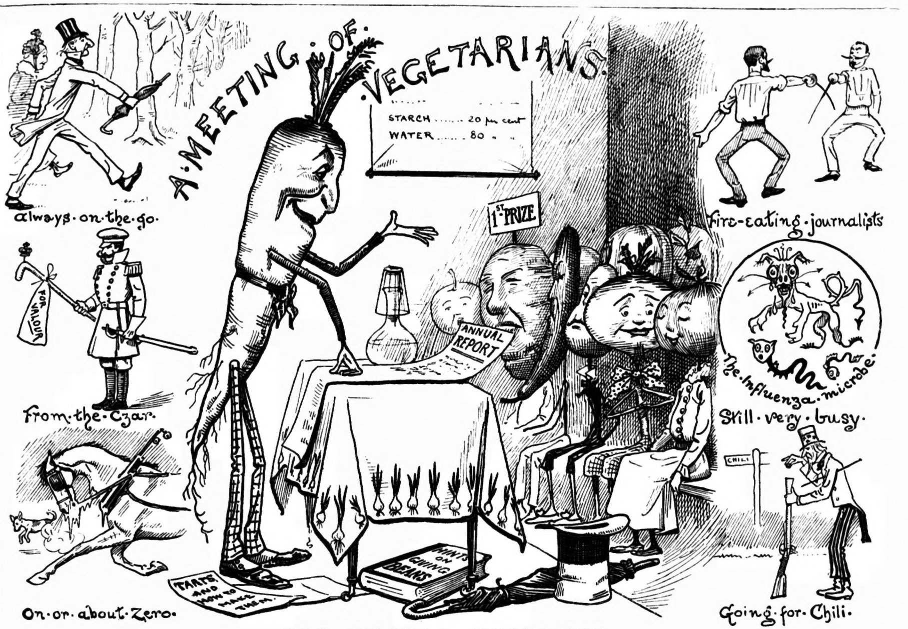
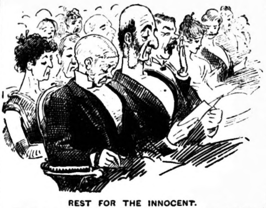


OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Notwithstanding the re-opening of Parliament next week, the prevalence of the influenza epidemic, etc., etc., your humble showman again makes his usual weekly bow, and, while hoping for a continuance of that patronage vouchsafed to him in the past, assures his many admirers that no pains will be spared on his part to make this show still worthy of their support. But let us proceed:—*The Grand Old Man enjoys, they say, Some splendid walks ne'er ev'ry day:—This token of the Czar's goodwill Does Greece's Prince with pleasure fill:—In Austria the frightful cold Affects both horses young and old:—Some good old friends condemn, with heat, The eating of such stuff as meat:—A duel in France the other day Resulted in the usual way:—The cursed fiend with us remains And heaps of victims still obtains:—The Chilians are poor and weak, So Jonathan will vengeance seek:—*'Tis finished; so for the present adieu.——THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



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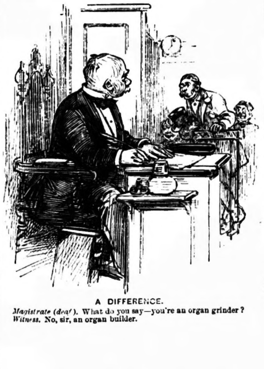
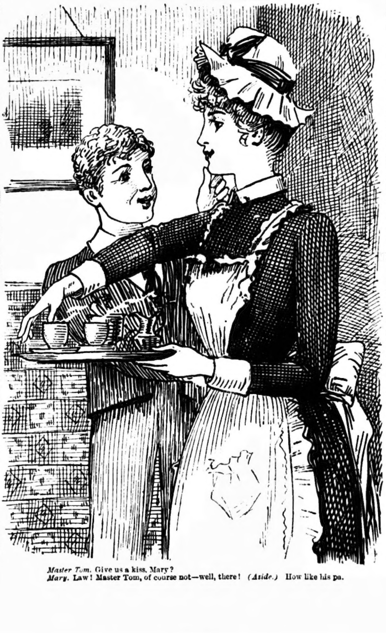


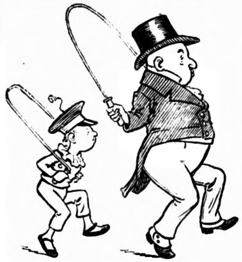
A DIFFERENCE.

Magistrate (deaf). What do you say—you're an organ grinder?
Witness. No, sir, an organ builder.

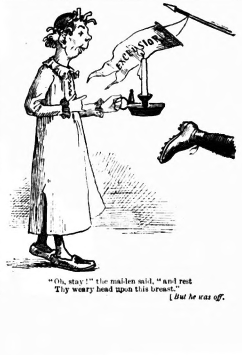
A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.



Master Tom. Give us a kiss, Mary?
Mary. Law! Master Tom, of course not—well, there! *(Aside.)* How like his pa.



FIRST AND SECOND CHILDHOOD.
A child should follow in the footsteps of its male parent.



"Oh, stay!" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast."
[*But he was off.*

ALLY-CAMPANE.

YES, we are perfectly well aware of it; the discussion of the weather is not a particularly bright or original idea, but then the extraordinary caprices it has recently indulged in have had the effect of forcing the subject into unwonted prominence, for it is the weather, by the powerful influence which it exerts over both our health and spirits, that indirectly affects all our doings. We had a vague idea when we started this paragraph that we could make it funny. We meant to passingly allude to the weather as the stock subject for conversation among comparative strangers, in the train, in a ball room, etc., and then to jokingly refer to the rapidity with which the gentleman controlling the meteorological department serves us with fog, hail, rain, snow, sunshine, frost, thaw and bitter winds, and to finish with some allusion to gruel and mustard and water. But since we commenced the par. the weather, which was then bright and sunny, has changed, a thick fog has converted daylight into night, and is pouring into our sanctum and bringing on a troublesome cough which has obstinately stuck to us for weeks, a shivering fit has seized us, and—oh, dear! we do *hope* we're not going to have the Influenza.

⁂

WHAT'S this? No, surely, it can't be; yet the news reported from Tientsin, that a London missionary is missing, sounds almost as if the Celestials had been attending a series of lectures under the auspices of The Cannibal Islands' School of Cookery, and had taken the first opportunity of profiting by the lessons, and judging for themselves of the edible properties of one of the class of individuals so highly esteemed by cannibalistic epicures.

⁂

THAT excellent institution in the United States, The Woman's Training School, has met with so much success that in several of the cities larger premises are to be opened. The object of the school, which is in connection with the Women's Christian Association, is to aid deserving girls to obtain a livelihood by training them to proficiency in various employments—cooking, sewing, dressmaking, millinery, shorthand, typewriting and booking. All the teachers act without fee, and, therefore, students can obtain their lessons for a merely nominal charge, which is devoted to the expenses attendant upon the institution. Such a scheme does credit even to advanced America. Why, oh, why cannot something of the same kind, and conducted upon the same economical principles, be done in England?

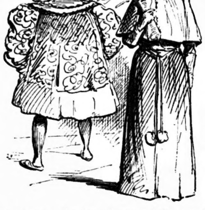
⁂

GOOD friends, once again the Grand Old Philanthropist appeals to you—appeals to you all by the kindly feeling which he feels assured you bear for him, if for no other reasons, to do your utmost to swell the total of "Ally Sloper's Poor Relief Fund." Hundreds of kind friends have helped us, we know, and there are hundreds, nay, thousands, more who fully mean to send something some day, but who, from one cause or another, will, unless earnestly appealed to, put off the good deed until too late. The number of weeks which the Fund can be kept open is now limited, and SLOPER hopes you won't compel him to close it without having attained a total which will do credit to the charity of his readers.

⁂

OUR old friend, W. G. Grace, seems to be as popular as ever in Australia. According to a contemporary in that country he is not looking a day older than he did half a generation ago, but he is a tremendous lot fatter. Just so, but is there not some mistake regarding the fatness? we had always thought our champion cricketer was the very essence of *Grace*.

⁂



THE production of *The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII.*, to give Shakespeare's work its full title, is marked by that minute attention to every historical detail, that lavish mounting and wonderful staging, for which the Lyceum productions, under Mr. Irving's management, have become famous. The highest known authorities have been consulted, and no expense—no trouble—has been spared to present an absolutely authentic picture of Court life during the reign of Bluff King Hal. Brilliant, indeed, is the result obtained, and it is well it is so, for, except as an interesting spectacular display, there is little in *Henry VIII.* to claim the attention of the average playgoer. The heaviest burden, of course, falls upon the shoulders of Mr. Irving, whose masterly portrait of the ambitious Cardinal is a distinct creation. Miss Ellen Terry, as Queen Katharine, has ample opportunity for the display of that sweet womanliness and queenly dignity which she knows so well how to portray. *Henry VIII.* will draw all classes of playgoers—the idle, who will go from mere curiosity; the admirers of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry; and the thoughtful student, who rightly considers a Lyceum production as a great and important event in dramatic history.

MOULIN ROUGE

GREAT indeed was the excitement which prevailed among the densely packed audience at the Standard Theatre, Bishopsgate, on the night of January 22nd, when it became known that The Caressed of the Coryphées and Family were entering a private box specially prepared for their reception. The ovation accorded the distinguished visitors was immense, and deafening cheers continued intermittently from all parts of the house until the rising of the curtain upon the grand pantomime, *Robinson Crusoe*, a shriekingly funny production, staged, mounted, balleted and processioned in a manner which must have cost thousands to the management to which it does such credit.

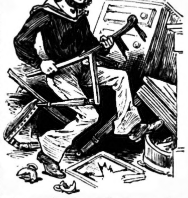
⁂

UNCLE BOFFIN, who is doing a quiet *scoop* on his own account in the Riviera, has run across an old pal in the shape of Leo, late of the Criterion and elsewhere. Leo has now got the American Bar at Monte Carlo; and if any man can make you drink bad whisky he can. Leo has a half share with a local doctor at Monte Carlo, and a third share with the undertaker who has the monopoly of the district. He has been a bar keeper for thirty-four years, ten of which he whiled away at the Criterion. He has been a butcher, a car conductor, a barber, a coffee and cochineal expert, a sugar refiner, a sailor, and a drummer for a dry goods store; but he has never played baccarat. Leo is over forty years of age, and never refuses a drink.

⁂

A SENSATION was caused in theatrical circles last week by a message to the effect that Henry Pettitt had fallen from his house. Everyone was on the tip top of expectation, fully expecting to hear that serious damage had resulted to the person. Luckily, the accident proved not to be so serious as anticipated. Owing to an error on the part of a telegraph clerk, horse was transposed into house. The message should have read, "Henry Pettitt has fallen from his horse." Luckily, with the exception of a bruise or two, the genial Henry, who has so endeared himself to the British public by the sterling merit of his dramas, is none the worse for his tumble.

⁂



ACCORDING to a certain Mr. Frank Wilson, seaman, if a man wishes to spite his wife, he has simply to destroy the family effects in the shape of furniture, etc., and the deed is done. This may be good logic, and all that sort of thing, and likewise may have the desired effect; but still the line must be drawn somewhere, and a man should take care when he is experimenting in this manner to be his own landlord. Frank Wilson was only in lodgings, and the consequence was the landlord, objecting to our sea friend's treatment of the furniture, Frank had to suffer by being handed over to the custody of an obliging policeman. Our hero may now see cause to change his opinions.

⁂

ALTHOUGH by some side issue the Salvation Army have, in the Law Courts, for the present scored a victory over the town authorities at Eastbourne, they cannot by any means be said to have justified their proceedings. From an authentic source, we learn that not only were their Sunday plans of campaign deliberately mapped out by the officials, but the whole energies of the Army were directed towards goading the spectators on to illtreat and otherwise assault them. Not only did they do this, but at every street through which they passed spies were stationed, whose duty it was to make notes on the general conduct of the onlookers, and, if necessary, be willing to appear in the police courts as witnesses for the Salvation Army. If Salvationists consider by these means to obtain the sympathies of the masses, the sooner they are disabused of the idea the better.

⁂

A CONTEMPORARY states that it was the original intention of the Crown Prince of Sweden to be present at the funeral rites held over the body of the late Duke of Clarence, and was only dissuaded from his purpose by hearing that London was then in an unhealthy condition. Brave Prince, indeed! Fancy a future crowned head being frightened by a shadow! Truly, Royalty is degenerating.

⁂

THE depression and gloom caused by the late lamented royal death still overshadows the Metropolis, and this in spite of the fact that, owing to the meeting of Parliament next week, London is at present in a crowded condition. As far as merrymaking is concerned, stagnancy reigns supreme. This fact is more regrettable inasmuch that a month or two ago there was every probability of the season for 1892 being amongst the most brilliant recorded. But what is to be must be, and the consequence is for some time to come, at any rate. Loveliness, should she be at all friskily inclined, must be content to disport herself in the sanctity of her own chamber, with an audience comprising, perhaps, the domestic tabby, a pet canary and a favourite pug dog.

⁂

ALEXANDROVITCH SLOPEROSKI has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon COUNT LEO TOLSTOI, *because he's exposed the horrors of the Russian famine.* "Feytherski," bleated the Blue Orbed Cossack, laying down the *Daily Telegraph*, as he finished the perusal of one of the Count's graphic articles, "ain't you jolly gladovitch that you don't hang outski in Russia?" Then the Antiquated let Alexandry have it with the nearest approach to a knout obtainable at so short a notice.

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WHAT AILED HER.

THERE'S a look upon the features
Of this most divine of creatures
Of unutterable agony and pain.
Her teeth are clenched together—
Well, I'm really doubtful whether
I shall look upon such misery again.

I of course approach the lady,
And politely raise my "cady,"
And inquire if I can help in any way.
Can I call a cab that's handy,
Or procure a little brandy?
And this is what I hear the charmer say:

"Oh, it's this 'ere pair o' shoes,
Which the shopman made me choose,
That's ''urtin' so,'" she answers, in a breath
Which is redolent of onion.
"And my bally bloomin' bunion
Is a-aching like enough to cause my death."

PINING FOR EXCITEMENT.

EVER since we first met him had we known what a "perky fidgety" customer he was. He was always flying off somewhere. "London's so beastly stuffy," he must get up to the Moors, or "Isn't this frost beyond the endurance of a brass monkey?" and he decamped to the Riviera. Not that this ended his sufferings, for he voted Monte Carlo "a bit too fast," while Muckross was "a bit too slow"—nothing less than Kew Gardens, with the Strand running across them, and Sanger's Circus at one end and the Aquarium at the other, stuck down somewhere near the Bay of Naples, would have met his idea of a "habitable spot," and some place of this description he was constantly endeavouring to find.

In the fair little Italian fishing village of Spaghettian, he at length halted, and, two days later, he dropped us a line to say he had spotted a pretty little villa there. This, in the result, he purchased, and being installed almost immediately in the artistic little cottage, he soon found time to look about him. Then, for the first time, did he discover that the Spaghettianoans were absolutely without means of amusement, and, in some sadness, he sought out the local interpreter and complained.

"Whata you saya?—no excitamenta, senor," and he shrugged his shoulders. "Have you forgota dat, regulairly efery three montha we 'ave a grand earthquaka—and the lasta one-a was Octobre!"

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Would A. SLOPER condemn the conduct of the young person who, under such circumstances, took advantage of the traditions of leap year? No, emphatically no. SLOPER would aid and abet, and urge that agitated damsel to "go in and win," the while SLOPER would "'old 'er bonnet."

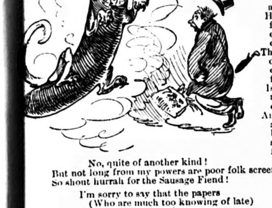
"Harry," she said to him on Monday night, as she laid her silvered head upon his shoulder, "the time has come when we must cease this trifling and talk about the future. For years I have loved you: for years, and your sake, I have snubbed many an eligible *parti*. Where are they to-day? They are dead—fatally deceased—and no man seeks to dig out the mass and read their unremembered names. Your long silence forces me to assume what is rightly your privilege, and—Mr. Penningfoogle—Harry—will you marry me?"

"Lydia Emma," he exclaimed, rising with all the dignity he could muster, "since you have so far forgotten yourself as to usurp the privilege of the sterner sex I must take refuge in the subterfuge (lot of 'fuge, isn't there?) of the latter. No; I can *not* marry you—but I will *be a brother to you!*"

With a loud sob, the maiden who blossomed in the year of Musjid's Derby fell at his feet with a thud.

THE DEMON SAUSAGE.

[Newspapers are again publishing disturbing details as to the component parts he Sausage of Commerce.]

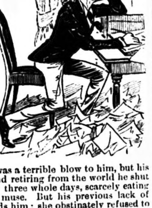


OH! I am the Demon Sausage,
And I poison the poor in purse;
For many (yea, e'en in this "Boss" age)
Have to feed upon me—or *worse*;
The Poor's only kind of meat fare
Is mostly to me confined:
And *I'm* anything but true sweet fare—
No, quite of another kind!
But not long from my powers are poor folk screened.
So shout hurrah for the Sausage Fiend!

I'm sorry to say that the papers
(Who are much too knowing of late)
Are once more exposing my capers
And my very mysterious state.
My ingredients again divulging,
They make such a fuss, you see,
That you'd think none would be indulging
In any more meals of Me.
But *poor* food buyers aren't like to be weaned
From the oftentimes poisonous Sausage Fiend.

A FATAL EFFORT.

IT was long past midnight. The pubs. were all closed, and the psy tones of the stay-till-chucked reveller, issuing to the tune of Hi-tiddley-hi-ti," a general invitation to "come along with him, r he was (*hic*) all ri'," had died away in the distance. Darkness d silence had fallen upon the great metropolis, but in his lonely achelor chambers a man sat and pondered. White and drawn s his face, upon which the grim demon, Despair, had planted his al, for only too surely the conviction was forcing itself upon his ind that the cherished dream of his life could never be fulfilled, at Bella, his goddess, his heart's idol, his love, could never be s. For Bella, high souled, sentimental, romantic, Bella Flipperopper had sworn, solemnly sworn upon a second hand "pocket dition" of Browning, that only upon a poet would she ever estow her "six-and-a-three-quarter" hand. And Augustus had owed to become worthy of er, had forthwith eschewed airdressers' establishments nd adopted the fearsome garents popularly supposed to e peculiar to those who court e Muses. For an all too brief eriod Bella had smiled upon im until a few days before the night of which I write, when it suddenly occurred to her that Augustus *had never written anything to sustain his character.*



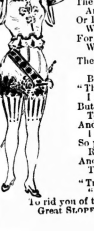
Alas! it was but a fool's paradise he had lived in, for Bella, fearful lest she should be countenancing the attentions of a charlatan, at once asked for proofs of his poetical ability, nay, yet more, stipulated that, unless an ode expressive of his passion were received before a certain date, Augustus might consider himelf thenceforth a stranger. It was a terrible blow to him, but his ove bordered upon madness, and retiring from the world he shut himself up in his room, and for three whole days, scarcely eating r drinking, did battle with his muse. But his previous lack of ttention had soured her towards him; she obstinately refused to id him, and now but a few hours remained before Bella would all for the result of her lover's efforts, and he had accomplished—othing! True, he had tried, tried nobly. The floor was strewn with torn paper containing the opening lines of a sonnet, an epic, r ode successfully commenced, but subsequently abandoned as nsuitable. But with the courage of despair the wretched man made one more effort, and, though faint and weary with want of ood and sleep, it was his best:—

h, lovelier than I can tell what is Bella Flipperflopper,
er cheeks are like roses; I really don't think for anything I would swop her.
ith more gracefulness than any antelope across the room she skips;
h, I could kiss the very ground she walks upon, only I'm afraid it'd dirty my lips.
h, without the love of Bella I should be like a fish out of water.
h, how I wish I had never seen her, or never attempted to court her!

s he completed the last beautiful line, a line touchingly expressive f the agony of his soul, the pen dropped from the poet's hand, a eaceful smile played about his mouth, a sigh of supreme content caped him, and then the wearied spirit winged its flight.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 32.—MILLY MASSINGTON.



MISS TOOTSIE hugged her father's neck
And craved a favour tearfully.
"To please you, dear," declared the Wreck,
"I'd chop my head off cheerfully."
"Don't frivol, Pa. I want you, please,
To hire a gang who'll wittily
The Massingtonian maiden seize,
And bear her off to Italy,
Or Prussia, Russia, France or Spain,
With ruthless illegality,
For I shall never smile again
While she's in this locality."

Then SLOPER cried, "Why, what the div——!"
But Tootsie sobbed excitedly,
"The title *Empress of the 'Friv.'*
I long have borne delightedly.
But Milly, as she grows, begins
To bloom and blossom bloomily,
And, since each masher's heart she wins,
I view my prospects gloomily.
So please beyond Britannia's bounds
Remove my rival speedily;
And, Pa, I'll give you fifty pounds
To spend in guzzling greedily."

"Trot out the brass!" said Mouldypate,
"Yet no rough gang shall cope with her;
To rid you of the girl you hate,
Great SLOPER's self shall slope with her!"

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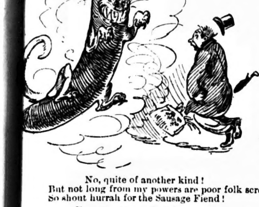
THE DEMON SAUSAGE.

[Newspapers are again publishing disturbing details as to the component parts of the Sausage of Commerce.]

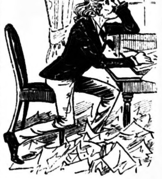


OH! I am the Demon Sausage,
And I poison the poor in purse;
For many (yea, e'en in this "Boss" age)
Have to feed upon me—or *worse*;
The Poor's only kind of meat fare
Is mostly to me confined:
And *I'm* anything but true sweet fare—
No, quite of another kind!
But not long from my powers are poor folk screened.
So shout hurrah for the Sausage Fiend!

I'm sorry to say that the papers
(Who are much too knowing of late)
Are once more exposing my capers
And my very mysterious state.
My ingredients again divulging,
They make such a fuss, you see,
That you'd think none would be indulging
In any more meals of Me.
But *poor* food buyers aren't like to be weaned
From the oftentimes poisonous Sausage Fiend.

A FATAL EFFORT.

IT was long past midnight. The pubs. were all closed, and the tipsy tones of the stay-till-chucked reveller, issuing to the tune of "Hi-tiddley-hi-ti," a general invitation to "come along with him, for he was (*hic*) all ri'," had died away in the distance. Darkness and silence had fallen upon the great metropolis, but in his lonely bachelor chambers a man sat and pondered. White and drawn was his face, upon which the grim demon, Despair, had planted his seal, for only too surely the conviction was forcing itself upon his mind that the cherished dream of his life could never be fulfilled, that Bella, his goddess, his heart's idol, his love, could never be his. For Bella, high souled, sentimental, romantic, Bella Flipperflopper had sworn, solemnly sworn upon a second hand "pocket edition" of Browning, that only upon a poet would she ever bestow her "six-and-a-three-quarter" hand. And Augustus had vowed to become worthy of her, had forthwith eschewed hairdressers' establishments and adopted the fearsome garments popularly supposed to be peculiar to those who court the Muses. For an all too brief period Bella had smiled upon him until a few days before the night of which I write, when it suddenly occurred to her that Augustus *had never written anything to sustain his character.*



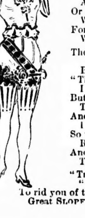
Alas! it was but a fool's paradise he had lived in, for Bella, fearful lest she should be countenancing the attentions of a charlatan, at once asked for proofs of his poetical ability, nay, yet more, stipulated that, unless an ode expressive of his passion were received before a certain date, Augustus might consider himself thenceforth a stranger. It was a terrible blow to him, but his love bordered upon madness, and retiring from the world he shut himself up in his room, and for three whole days, scarcely eating or drinking, did battle with his muse. But his previous lack of attention had soured her towards him; she obstinately refused to bid him, and now but a few hours remained before Bella would call for the result of her lover's efforts, and he had accomplished—nothing! True, he had tried, tried nobly. The floor was strewn with torn paper containing the opening lines of a sonnet, an epic, or ode successfully commenced, but subsequently abandoned as unsuitable. But with the courage of despair the wretched man made one more effort, and, though faint and weary with want of food and sleep, it was his best:—

Oh, lovelier than I can tell what is Bella Flipperflopper,
Her cheeks are like roses; I really don't think for anything I would swop her.
With more gracefulness than any antelope across the room she skips;
Oh, I could kiss the very ground she walks upon, only I'm afraid it'd dirty my lips.
Oh, without the love of Bella I should be like a fish out of water.
Oh, how I wish I had never seen her, or never attempted to court her!

As he completed the last beautiful line, a line touchingly expressive of the agony of his soul, the pen dropped from the poet's hand, a peaceful smile played about his mouth, a sigh of supreme content escaped him, and then the wearied spirit winged its flight.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 32.—MILLY MASSINGTON.



MISS TOOTSIE hugged her father's neck
And craved a favour tearfully.
"To please you, dear," declared the Wreck,
"I'd chop my head off cheerfully."
"Don't frivol, Pa. I want you, please,
To hire a gang who'll wittily
The Massingtonian maiden seize,
And bear her off to Italy,
Or Prussia, Russia, France or Spain,
With ruthless illegality,
For I shall never smile again
While she's in this locality."

Then SLOPER cried, "Why, what the div——!"
But Tootsie sobbed excitedly,
"The title *Empress of the 'Friv.'*
I long have borne delightedly.
But Milly, as she grows, begins
To bloom and blossom bloomily,
And, since each masher's heart she wins,
I view my prospects gloomily.
So please beyond Britannia's bounds
Remove my rival speedily;
And, Pa, I'll give you fifty pounds
To spend in guzzling greedily."

"Trot out the brass!" said Mouldypate,
"Yet no rough gang shall cope with her;
To rid you of the girl you hate,
Great SLOPER's self shall slope with her!"

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

14 OUTER TEMPLE, *January 15th*, 1892.

DEAR ALLY SLOPER,—I am gratified beyond measure by your bestowal upon me of the "Award of Merit." 'Tis seldom, indeed, we meet with a really grateful client, and should you ever unfortunately again appear at the "Ancient Bailey," I shall consider myself a proud man if I am intrusted with your interests. Please accept my grateful thanks, with the best wishes for the New Year.

Yours very truly, J. G. GRAIN, F.O.S.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 99.—HE MAKES A MOST MARVELLOUS MISTAKE.

SHE waddled round and round the room,
She muttered mutterings fraught with doom,
She peered into the midnight's gloom,
And round her head she hurled a broom
With Amazonian vigour.
She cried, while two big saucers blazed,
"My husband's tricks has driven me crazed
For years; but now my dander's raised,
And, when he comes—the saints be praised!—
I'll spoil his face and figure."

But SLOPER's wife, who thought her spouse
Might end at daybreak his carouse,
In sheer amazement knit her brows
At one o'clock, and murmured, "How's
This here?" For *he was coming*,
Yet roaring not, in accents dread,
That he would punch the cabman's head,
Nor toppling down the stairs like lead,
Nor waking folks who slept in bed
By idiot love-songs humming.

Anon he reached her room; and, oh!
How changed his wife's wild ire to woe.
His form was bent, his step was slow,
His face was white as Alpine snow,
His teeth were click-clack-clicking;
His eyes with lurid brightness shone,
In monotone he moaned a moan,
Then o'er his head his arms were thrown
And on the floor he tumbled prone,
And there lay plunging, kicking.

His pitying wife aroused her son
And bade him for a doctor run;
But Alick only poked his fun
At ALLY, till at length the stun-
Ning truth was understanded
By Mrs. Sloper. Poor old dear!
She well might think his movements queer!
His dire complaint was one which ne'er
Had troubled him for forty year—
Quite sober home he'd landed.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

IT was Sunday, and the church bells were chiming out in their sweetest tones and getting in their full work with all the bathed and temporarily bye-bye'd babies in the neighbourhood, as a traveller, with a look of care on his face—(doubtless, you've noticed that most travellers are outfitted with this article)—strayed slowly from the railway station. As he passed the old ivy grown church, he paused. He recognized it in once.

"Ah, yes," he murmured, "the same dear old church, and" (glancing through the window), "the same dear old sky-pilot, preaching, no doubt, the same crusted old sermon! How often have I sat with Edna there! Is she still the same Edna to me, I wonder? Has she kept all the vows she made to me when I started out, a year ago, to win honour and fortune?"

Just then three figures, one male and two female, passed along the other side of the street. When we say passed, we should add that only two were walking—the younger female was carried. Our hero started perceptibly. Then he made a rush for the church door, through which the trio (one in arms) had passed. There he was stopped by the sexton, who recognized, and was rejoiced to see him, but barred his passage.

"Tell me, Parsons," he said, grasping the saucer-circulator's arm, "is that not—er—Edna, and——?"

"It are," replied the sexton.

"And he—is he often seen with her?"

"He am," responded the sexton.

"One more question—for I fear—oh, I cannot bear to think of it—it will drive me to the grave—what about *it?*"

"Well, now, what a question to arst! Man alive, can't ye see as they're a-christenin' of it!"

He fell upon the gravel path with a dull thud.

"Gallus 'ard,' mumbled Parsons, as he waddled back into the sacred edifice, "they might ha' sent him a bit o' the cake!"

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR OF LONDON.

⁂ *Subscribers of not less than Five Shillings will receive (post-free) a Cabinet size Photograph of* A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED LAST WEEK, £117 7s. 3½d.

ALLY SLOPER, Esq. (weekly donation), £1; C. C. ROSS, 5s.; "POOR SCHOOL-GIRL," 11d; "THREE BOYS, BEEHIVE HOME," 6d.; SNAKE CAKE, 1d.; HENRY WYNDHAM, £1; G. A. F. (Hartlepool), 1s.

Making a total received up to January 27th, 1891—£149 14s. 9½d.

ONLY A COINCIDENCE.

As home to his rural retreat he proceeded
At midnight, through desolate meadows and byways,
A meagre stray dog ran behind him and pleaded
For food and for shelter by subtle and sly ways.
It fawned on and licked him with ardour effusive,
It craved his protection with pitiful glances;
But, heartless, he spurned it with language abusive,
And paid it with kicks for its loving advances.
And still it caressed and cajoled him till, lastly,
He drew his revolver and shot it urbanely;
And then—while his face with grim horror grew ghastly—
Its death glaring eyes seemed to SPEAK to him plainly—
"The life thou despisest thou takest from me!
Go, behold the young life that is dearest to thee!"

The soul thrilling fancy anon he discarded
As one that was born of a transient madness.
Kind Heaven would ne'er rob him, he knew, of the guarded
Young life whence his own life derived all its gladness.
But, ah! what remorse on his soul began preying,
When, heart-sore, he learned that his idolized daughter
Had died *in that hour* (though at noon blythely playing
When fiercely he'd revelled in impious slaughter.
And, though Reason declares that no prognostication
May come from the eyes of a dog that is dying,
Meseems that at length, through the breadth of creation,
The blood of Man's victims, to Heaven dumbly crying,
May anger high Heaven, till it places its ban—
And its vengeance outpours—upon merciless Man!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

"BAD FORM"—A bench which tilts up and sends you flying when you sit down on one end of it.

A KIND of fruit always found in India—Pondi-cherry.

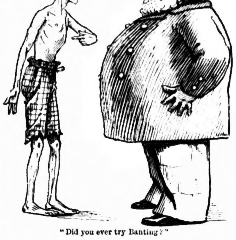
SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

RICHER THAN GOLD.

(A TALE OF THE LONE PACIFIC.)

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Frederick Bulstrode was hauled up over the side of the *Mary Jane*, bound for Philadelphia, the crew were inclined to allow the canoe to go whithersoever it liked, but Bulstrode earnestly besought them to delay till he had communicated with the captain. That excellent gentleman was downstairs in the cabin, chiefly because he found considerable difficulty in coming up on deck, and when on deck he found equal difficulty in getting down again. The reason of this was that the captain was fat—he was colossal, and he had come to the conclusion that unless the owners of the *Mary Jane* consented to alter and entirely rearrange the interior of the vessel, he would have to give up the sea as an occupation.



"Did you ever try Banting?"

To him, therefore, Bulstrode was speedily led. As soon as Bulstrode saw him, his heart beat with emotion. He recognized that, to such a gigantic example of humanity, the secret he had wrested from Great Nature, during his residence on the island, was of paramount importance.

"So you've come on board," grunted the fat captain.

"Yes, sir, I have. And I am sorry to say your crew won't take on board the luggage I have brought with me."

"Only a few old cabbages and some other rubbish," said the mate, with a sneer.

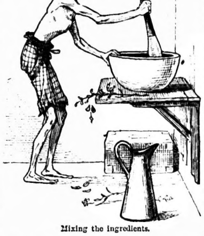
"Hush!" said Bulstrode, as he stepped forward to the captain. "Did you ever try Banting?" he continued, in a whisper, as he approached his lips to the captain's ear.

"Yes; but it wasn't any good," said the captain, as he looked down over the plateau of solid flesh which obscured his view of the toes of his boots.

"Look at me," said Bulstrode. "Would you like to be as thin as I am?"

"Well, hardly. It might be useful to crawl up inside of a sixpenny flute to some people, but a moderate thinness would suit me."

"I have that on board the canoe which will make you as thin as you care to be."



Mixing the ingredients.

"Ha!"

"'Tis true. I swear it."

"Young man, do you know where you will go to if you tell lies? Do you know that I weigh thirty-six stone? Do you know that I would like to fight at twelve stone five pounds?"

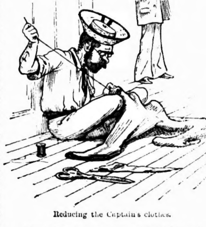
"It shall be as you wish if you get on board that material."

"I cannot believe it, yet I would fain hope it could be true."

"It is true! I will allow you to throw me overboard if I don't show you a drop of ten pounds in three days."

"Have it on board at once. If you can make me thin enough to get out of that doorway without touching both sides of it at once, I'll never say a word about your passage money, or your board, either, though you should keep drunk all the voyage. Have the stuff on board, mate."

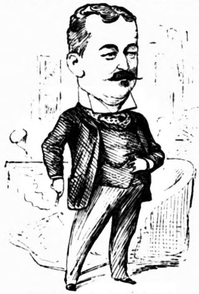
The contents of the canoe were at once hoisted on board the vessel, and Bulstrode speedily began to mix and pound his ingredients. In course of twenty-four hours he had begun to treat the gallant captain, and before three days were over, his clothes began to hang loosely about his person. The captain was overjoyed, and earnestly continued the experiment. In a week he was able to see his toes for the first time for twelve years, and in a fortnight he was dancing a hornpipe while the mate whistled the tune. The sailmaker was engaged night and day reducing the size of the captain's clothes, and Frederick Bulstrode was the hero of the *Mary Jane*.



Reducing the Captain's clothes.

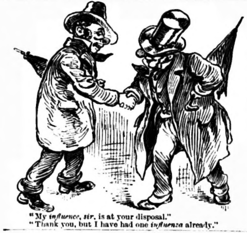
(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

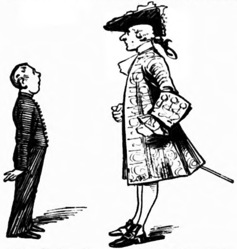


No. 241.—COLONEL GOURAUD, F.O.S.

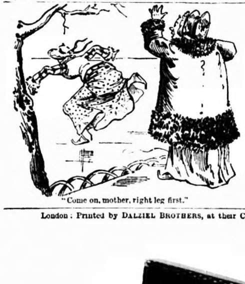
"When at the usual Sloperian weekly dinner it was decided to confer the honour of a place in the 'F.O.S. Portrait Gallery' upon Colonel Gouraud, it was but natural that we should write to that gentleman asking him to furnish us with the leading incidents of his career; for, beyond the fact that he is a son-in-law of Mr. Edison, and has been intrusted by that clever inventor with the important mission of making known to the English press and public the various improvements of the phonograph, our knowledge of the Colonel was limited. In reply to a polite note asking us to call, we wended our way to our hero's residence, but here a disappointment awaited us. The Colonel, so the butler informed us, had been suddenly called away on most pressing business, but, unwilling to put us to the inconvenience of a second call, had imparted to a phonograph all the particulars of his life which he thought would interest us. We were ushered into the library, and the machine set going; but what was our surprise to learn from it that our hero had always had a predilection for vice, that he had been seven times imprisoned for various crimes from pocket picking to burglary, twice convicted of bigamy and once of manslaughter. Things might have turned out awkwardly had not the butler re-entered, and his astonished look as the machine proceeded to dilate upon the horrors of solitary confinement, convinced us that there was some mistake. And so there was—the machine to which we had been listening was that into which a notorious criminal had related his experiences, and the butler had set it going in mistake for the one to which the Colonel had confided his. Chiefly because he's the phonographer's acting manager, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him April 20th, 1889."—*Debrett Improved.*



"My *influence, sir*, is at your disposal."
"Thank you, but I have had one *influenza* already."

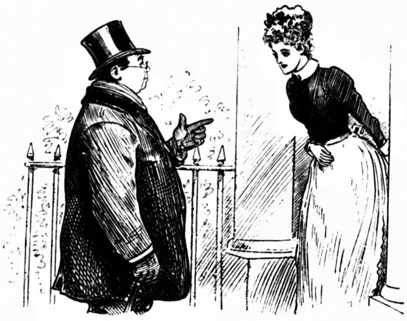


"Please, Mr. James, the manager told me to tell you that the audience could bear a little more haction in your part without dying of 'art disease from excitement."



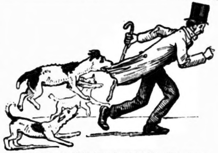
"Come on, mother, right leg first."

SHE KNEW HER MASTER.

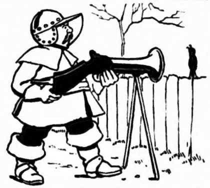


Visitor. Oh—er—will you kindly tell me whether your master is in, my dear?

Servant. No, sir, she's just gone out; but her husband is in, if you'd like to see him.

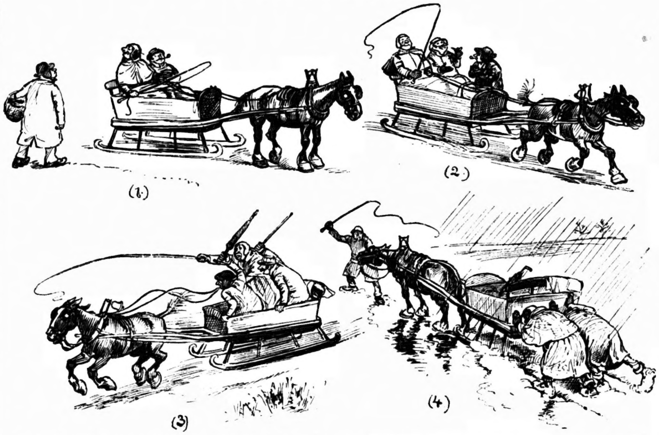


The sausages in old Podbury's coat-tail pocket attract a good deal of attention.



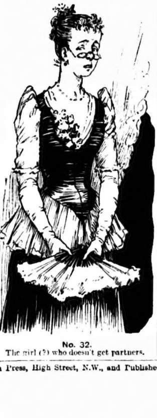
A good old Ironside of a slightly sportive turn of mind.

A SPORTING EXPERIMENT.



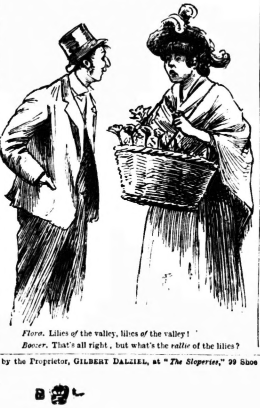
(1). *Bounder.* "Jump up, old cock, and try a new sporting racket. Why should the blooming Russians have it all their own way? We can beat 'em at their own game—eh?"——(2). "Tell you what it is, boys. People don't take advantage of half the opportunities our climate affords for sport. Look at us, now. We might have missed this spree if we hadn't thought of it."——(3). "Great snakes! it's thawing like old boots! Come up, you spavined scarecrow! Gerrrr on! The road's getting as soft as butter."——(4). "Thirty miles from home, mud a foot deep, horse dead lame, pouring cats and dogs and the bally old plough to push. Well, Bounder, we always thought you was too much of a friend to serve us a dirty trick like this, but now, now you have shown yourself in your true colours."

DANCING GIRLS.



No. 32.
The girl (?) who doesn't get partners.

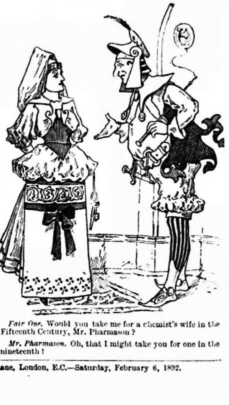
A PERTINENT QUESTION.



Flora. Lilies *of* the valley, lilies *of* the valley!

Boozer. That's all right, but what's the *vallie* of the lilies?

A WILLING MEDICO.



Fair One. Would you take me for a chemist's wife in the Fifteenth Century, Mr. Pharmason?

Mr. Pharmason. Oh, that I might take you for one in the nineteenth!

London: Printed by DALZIEL BROTHERS, at their Camden Press, High Street, N.W., and Published by the Proprietor, GILBERT DALZIEL, at "*The Sloperies*," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.—Saturday, February 6, 1892.

This Copy of "ALLY SLOPER" is

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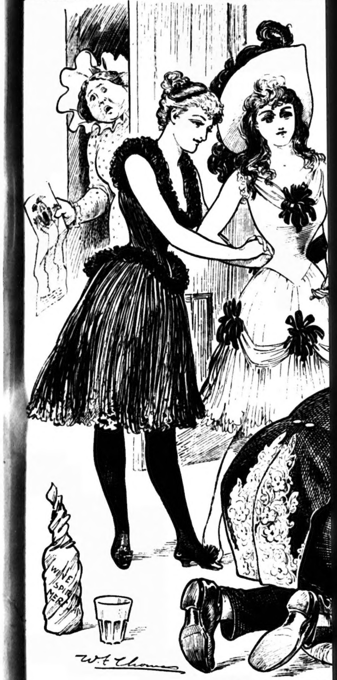
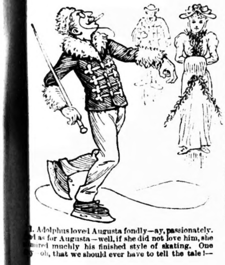
Vol. IX.—No. 407.] S



BEAUTY

"Valentine Day, this year, will long be remembere
opportunity on which to present Papa with a token of
the presentation—a bottle of 'Unsweetened'—surpasse
the 'Friv.' girls present had it not been for Mamma. E

THE SKATE



1. Adolphus loved Augusta fondly—ay, passionately.
 as for Augusta—well, if she did not love him, she
 mired muchly his finished style of skating. One
 oh, that we should ever have to tell the tale!—

2. While Adolphus was disp
finished style, the ice gave wa
hero found himself flounderi
This was too great a blow for